### KRIS KRINGLE'S HOME

### The German Santa Claus Busy Buying Stores Last Week.

### Week-Before-Christmas Scenes in Berlin -Caprivi's Conciliatory Attitude Towards the Agrarians Criticised.

(Copyrighted, 1893, by the Associated Press.) BERLIN, Dec. 33 .- The approach of Christmas has influenced all public life in Germany. During the past week the general vacations have set in, the theaters have been closed, partly in preparation for new pieces for the holidays, and wholesale trade has stopped, as usual, entirely. The schools were closed yesterday and railroad him for work and labor. The association travel is at its height, for everybody is going home for Christmas. The streets have the appearance of a forest; there is hardly a block without hundreds of Christmas trees offered for sale. Over a quarter of a million Christmas trees have arrived in this city during the month from Sweden and Norway and from the Black Forest. The streets are thronged as at no other time of the year. At some hours of the afternoon motion in the center of the business portion of Berlin becomes almost impossible. As Christmas approaches the haste and hurry increases, and nothing else is thought of but Christmas gif s and Christmas jollity The Empress is seen daily visiting the various shops in order to buy gifts for herself, and all the members of the court follow the example set by old Emperor William.

The Liberal and Radical papers are annoyed at the conciliatory attitude adopted by the Chancellor and Foreign Secretary towards the agrarians, and hope that the day is near at hand when Caprivi will take up the glove and fight. The National Zeitung suggests that the Conservatives could easily be made to feet their folly if Caprivi would fill the vacancies existing in the higher offices with Liberals. The extreme methods of the agrarians appear, however, to be defeating their own ends and the small farmers are deserting the recently formed agrarian league by the hundreds. It is calculated that nearly forty thousand farmers or almost a third whole membership have already

The underground work continues against the Russian treaty. For a moment the deliberations rest, but the Russian delegates will remain here until they are resumed after the New Year. In spite of the slow progress made it is expected that an understanding will be reached. New Year's day will, as usual, unite all the commanding officers of the German army around the Emperor, when he is accustomed to address them. The Emperor's speech is looked forward to as a prediction of the coming political situation. This year Princess Leopold, of Bavaria, in-spector of the Fourth Army Corps, will be present. His arrival is just announced: the Prince was absent last year on account of some disagreement between the

It has been remarked here that in his last message to Congress President Cleveand, speaking of the foreign relations, has, it is claimed, discriminated in his expressions between France and Germany, while the former are announced as being "excellent," the latter are regarded as only "satisfactory." This creates considerable surprise in diplomatic circles, as nothing has occurred on this side to mar the excellent relations.

The publication of Count Von Eulenberg's circular has created a sensation hardly in-ferior to that produced by the original publication of the decree itself, which led to the great Reichstag debate on Jan. 24, 1882, in which Prince Bismarck, in a masterly eech, expounded its importance and declared it was not aimed at creating a new prerogative. Then it was only extreme Radicals who disapproved of the decree; now, on the contrary, it is only the extreme Right, Agrarians and extreme Ultra Montanes who dislike Count Von Eulenberg's

circular. The German press followed the Italian crisis with keen interest, but its comments were rather reserved. The North German Gazette, however, praises Premier Crispi's declaration for its "lofty patriotic sentiments, and absolute sincerity," and expresses the belief that the eminently right man is in the right place. The debate in the English Parliament on the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha's annuity seems likely to create dissatisfaction here. The Hamburger Nachrichten says that the position of the Duke was discussed in a manner which cannot be passed over without notice on the German side. The Duke, the paper mentioned adds, became a sovereign German federal prince, over whose rights and duties no foreign Parliament is entitled to deliver an opinion. The Hamburger Nachrichten concludes with the remark that the incompatibility of such an occurrence with the dignity and respect due to the German empire and its federal princes should form the subject of discussion at an early sitting of the Reichstag. The Conservative Reichsbote regrets that the Reichstag has not dealt with the question, and the Berliner Tageblatt says that nobody will take it amiss if the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha should desire to keep up relations with the royal family of England. but that he should wish to spend a part of the year regularly in England is most likely to cause displeasure in Coburg-Gotha and especially as it was not clearly stated in the British Parliament whether he was to be regarded as a British subject or not. Severe measures are being taken to stop the Socialist propaganda in the schools and colleges, owing to the revelation through the report of the director of the Griefswald Gymnasium that numbers of the students belonging to the upper classes were connected with the Socialist party, and, in

ce, with its leaders. The Emperor has forbidden any further performance of Ooden's play, "Catherine, the Cunning," on account of the author refusing to expunge the phrase relating to the celebration of the battle of Sedan, which shocked the Emperor.

Major Nieber, of the general staff, has been appointed commander of the balloon department of the Prussian army, which indicates the extension of the balloon service. Reports were circulated in Europe, to-day, that Hans Richter, the celebrated conductor. was dead. Inquiries made in Vienna show the report to be unfounded. The rumor originated in the death of a local band mas-

# HUNTING THE RAINCROW.

ter named Richter.

### A Short and Pointed Story Printed for the Benefit of "Tariff Reformers."

To the Editor of the Indianapolis Journal: Almost all Indianians who have been reared in the country know something of the raincrow. To those who have not been so favored I will explain that the raincrow is a bird, much in appearance like the whippoor will, whose habitat is in the thick woods, and whose mournful call may be heard from its hiding place among the foliage of the trees, but which is seldom seen. When started from its perch by the hunter it flits before him so swiftly and silently as to elude his sight, and if he attempts to follow it he will have a weary chase to no purpose. Its call is popularly supposed

to portend rain. I once had an experience in hunting the raincrow. My original purpose was to hunt squirrels, but soon after entering the forest I heard a raincrow, and, having a great desire to shoot one of these clusive birds, I began to follow it from tree to tree, intending, however, to keep an eye out for squirrels as well. Time and again I thought I had "treed" the owner of the weird voice, but as often I found that it was mocking me from some distant tree to which it had flown, without my being able to tell when or how. In the meantime I thought I was keeping a vigilant eye out for the squirrels, which were the real object of my pursuit, but not one did I see. During all this time I had heard the repeated reports of a rifle, evidently fired by some one who was following me through the woods. At length had traversed the whole breadth of the forest, and had neither squirrel nor raincrow to show for my pains. I climbed upon a fence to rest, and, while waiting here, was overtaken by the other hunter, who had near a dozen squirrels to show for his passage over the same ground where I had found nothing but the phantom voice of the raincrow. I asked him how he came to find so many squirrels where I had seen

"Where were your eyes, young man?" he asked I told him I had been trying to find a "Well," said he, "if you want squirrels you mustn't run after raincrows." This incident has been forcibly recalled to my mind by the idiosyncrasies of some later raincrow hunters. The game of which

they are in pursuit is called "the markets

of the world," but it is only another name for the same old raincrow which, forty

years ago, led me such a weary and useless !

tramp. It is only a phantom voice that can never be overtaken, and even should the bird be captured it would not compensate for the squirrels lost in its pursuit, and, as these would-be tariff reformers: "If you want squirrels quit running after rain-crows." H. O. L.

### AN ARTIST'S SUIT.

#### Sculptor Ernst Wants \$500 from the Garfield Memorial Association.

CLEVELAND, Dec. 23. - Through attorneys J. K. Meaher and Joseph Farrell a suit was commenced in Common Pleas Court this afternoon in which the names of more men of national reputation appear as defendants than ever before in the annals of this county. A. Ernst, the scupitor and artist, sues the Garfield National Memorial Association to recover the sum of \$500, which he claims is due was originally composed of the following eminent men: The late ex-President Rutherford B. Hayes, James G. Blaine, J. H. Wade, J. H. Rhodes, ex-Governor Charles Foster, ex-Senator H. B. Payne, Gen. James Barnett, Daniel P. Eells, Hon. Amos Townsend, Col. John Hay, J. P. Parsons, Judge Henry C. White, T. P. Handy and others. The monument was built by popular subscription.

### ANCIENT AND MODERN MANNA. The Food Provided for the Israelites

No Longer a Mystery. San Francisco Chronicle. The singular phenomena sometimes seen after heavy storms, such as small toads or fishes, deposits of sand or other substances supposed to have fallen with the rain, have dways excited the wonder of the unlearned and from time to time attracted the attention of the scientists. Similar phenomena occasionally accompany the fall of heavy lews, but these are generally less remarkable and susceptible of a readler explanation. The attention of the Paris newspapers has recently been called to a phenomenon that at first sight seems strange, but is more common than is generally thought. After recent rains, which it is to be noted were not copious, numerous observers in lifferent parts of France found the leaves of various trees and plants covered with a fluid having a sweetish taste and so sticky that small insects that had endeavored to partake of it had been caught and were unable to escape. Two scientific opinions were given-one that the moisture adhering to the leaves had obtained the sweetish taste by a distillation from the leaves themselves, and the other, considered the less probable, that it had been caught up by the ircular movement of the air, no one knows where or how, mingled with the moisture in the clouds and deposited by the falling rain. Some correspondents called attention to the fact that the phenomenon was by no means rare in Egypt, Italy and Syria, while one or two suggested that herein was found the solution of the problem of the manna on which the Israelites fed in the wilder-

This last theory by no means corresponds with the descriptions of this bread from heaven, found in Exodus, which every morning after the dew was dried covered the desert on all sides as far as the eye could reach with white grains, or in the biblical language, "a small round thing as small as the hoar frost." The children of Israel gathered of this enough for the day. and made loaves of it which they baked in the oven. If, in spite of the advice of Moses, they left a portion of it unbaked over night they found in the morning that it had bred worms and emitted an offensive ordor. In order not to break the Sabbath they were directed on the sixth day to gather enough for the following, and to lay aside what was not wanted, which, curiously enough, kept perfectly, at least we are so informed. It was further said of its appearance "that it was like corlander seed, white, and the taste of it was like wafers made with honey." During the forty years the Israelites passed in the wilderness they fed on this food, and an "omer" of it, put aside by Aaron to serve as a reminder of their miraculous preservation, was kept for ages longer, placed probably on exhibition

in the museum of Jerusalem. The nature of this manna, in doubt during so many thousands of years, seems at last to be pretty clearly understood, and the only peculiarity in regard to it is that there should have been so much of it and that it should have been so regularly supplied during a period of forty years. The so-called miracle is still renewed with a certain regularity on the banks of the Nile, in Arabia, along the shores of the Red sea, in Persia, in Armenia, in the Caucasus in Syria, and even in the Crimea, where there are occasional showers of manna. In 1890 M. Rene de Champagne, superintendent of the French school at Diarbekir, collected a specimen and sent it to M. Meunier, of the Calro Museum, to be analyzed. The conclusions arrived at were the same as those of Pallas, Eversmann, Decaisus and other botanists who had occupied themselves with the question. The supposed manna is a wandering vegetable of the lichen family, called by the botanists leucanora esculenta. It has no roots, but grows detached from the soil, its seeds, which, perhaps, have been scattered during the day, being made to germinate by the heavy dews of night, or, if the young plants when transferred are dry, they are vivified and swollen by the night moisture. It does not appear that in these days this manna is often eaten except by the half-savage Koords of Asia Minor, who prepare it sometimes with barley flour, and eat the cakes with olive oil, if they happen to have that delicacy. It is not a dish that commends itself to the enlightened palate, but the Israelites in the wilderness, though they remembered the leeks. the onions and cucumbers of Egypt, could not, under the circumstances, be very particular. In any event, the sugared moisture found on the leaves of trees and plants in France, after showers, fills none of these conditions. It must either come from forests and fields in blossom or must be an exudation from the leaves drawn out by the moisture. A phenomenon similar to the last may be remarked on the leaves of the eucalyptus in California, while, as every one knows, bees find their honey in the sweetened dew that remains in the cup of the flowers.

# Tyndall and Napoleon III.

Marquise De Fontenoy. How odd it is that no one should have thought it worth while to draw attention to the coincidence that exists between the death of Professor Tyndall and that of Napoleon III. In each case the demise was caused by an overdose of chloral, and in each case, too, it was administered with the most loving and best intentions by the devoted wife. Perhaps it is due to the fact that so few persons are aware of the true circumstances of Napoleon III's death. The operation that had been performed upon him by Sir Henry Thompson had been most successful in all respects, and had produced such favorable results that the Prince Imperial had been sent back to Woolwich to school on the following day. The Emperor felt so well that he absolutely refused to take the chloral, saying that he felt no pain that would prevent his sleeping and that he did not require the chloral prescribed by his physician. Sir William Cull. It was only on the urgent entreaty of the Empress that he took from her hand, and with manifest reluctance, that fatal dose of chloral which brought to him a sleep from which he never awakened. A bitter quarrel took place on the following morning between the physician and the surgeon in the hearing of many of the members of the imperial household The facts are well known to all the leading Bonapartists, and if they were not made public in the official record of the autopsy it was solely out of feelings of consideration

# for the grief-stricken Empress Eugenie.

Devoutness of the Mussulmans. F. Marion Crawford, in Scribner. Near this spot is the Yeni Jami, one of the beautiful mosques of Stamboui, frequented at all hours by a motley crowd of worshipers. Leave behind you the giare the hurry, and the rush of the thronged street, thrust your feet into the wide slip pers at the door, and enter the beautiful building at the hour of prayer. The contrast is sudden, solemn and grand, and something of the deep mystery of Oriental life is all at once made clear to you. In the cool shadows Mussulmans of all are prostrating themselves before the Mihrab-the small shrine which in every mosque shows the exact direction of Mecca-or before the sacred writings in other parts of the wall. There is profound belief and devotion in their attiude, gestures and accents, a belief as superior to the idolatrous superstition of the far East as it is beyond the conviction of the ordinary Christian in simplicity and sincerity. It is indeed impossible to spend much time among Mussulmans without acquiring the certainty that they are profoundly in earnest in religious matters, and that the unfurling of the Standard of the Prophet which is occasionally hinted at as a vague possibility would be productive of results not dreamed of in the philosophy of Europe.

# Familiar with Figures.

Good News. Stranger-You are a native of this town, Boy (in cigar store)-No, I'm from Penn-'Ah! A great manufacturing State."

"Yes, sir. Pennsylvania produces more

Havana cigars than any other State in the Great sale holiday goods at Marcy's.

ANXIOUS TO TESTIFY

### Alexander Sullivan Talks About the Cronin Case.

### He Repeatedly Asked Permission to Give Evidence, but Was Refused-Mrs. Foy's Testimony Denounced.

CHICAGO, Dec. 23 .- In view of the reference to Alexander Sullivan in the testimony of Mrs. Foy, and of the more or less general impression that he has never made any statement in refernece to his alleged connection with the case, Mr. Sullivan was called on to-day at his law office, and asked why he had never made any denial of knowledge of the case. Mr. Sullivan indignantly denied that he had been silent, and said: "When Cronin was first reported to be missing, I stated repeatedly to reporters and others that I knew nothing concerning his whereabouts. When his body was discovered I expressed regret for his terrible fate, and hoped that the guilty ones would be discovered and brought to justice. During the coroner's inquest I requested John Lane, a well-known reporter, to inform Coroner Hertz that I was willing to testify at the inquest. Mr. Lane informed me that he did so state to Mr. Hertz, but I was not called. Later one of the grand jurors who investigated the case, Mr. Henry Greenbaum, met me on the street and expressed regret that I did not testify before the grand jury. I told him the State's attorney had control of that investigation, and I could not go unless subpoenaed, but would have gone premptly if asked, and was ready to testify whenever called. Mr. Greenbaum inquired if he had permission to state the subject of our conversation to State's Attorney Longenecker. I replied promptly in the affirmative. Subsequently, Mr. Greenbaum informed me that he had repeated the conversation to Mr. Longenecker, and had suggested that he (Longenecker) interrogate me, but Mr. Longenecker declined to do so. I am ready to testify, but am powerless force my appearance in a case to which I am not a party. So far as the Foy womar's testimony refers to me, it is infamous ly false. She made a statement for publication recently in which she ascribed to another the authorship of an imaginar letter, which she now pretends to ascribe To-day, James A. Bowers, a hotel menial

crank, James A. Bowers, a hotel menial, who caused a sensation in the Coughlin case by attempting, for the fun of the thing, "to talk to the jury" on the Clark-street bridge last night, was brought before Judge Tuthill to answer for his conduct. He was profuse in his apologies. The court ordered him to take the stand and make an explanation. Bowers said that he knew nothing of the Coughlin case; had no money with which to bribe any one, and had merely shouted at the jury as they were passing along the crowded street for the "fun of the thing." His appearance and manner was that of a crank, and after a severe lecture by Judge Tuthill he was Dr. James K. Egbert, who held the au

topsy on Dr. Cronin's body, testified that he could not determine whether the wounds upon the body found in the catch basin were made before or after death, but he believed death was caused by the wounds on the head and neck. On cross-examination witness admitted that death might have been caused by poison, and said that, because of decomposition, the effect the blows had on the brain could not be de termined, Justice of the Peace Mahoney testified regarding iceman Sullivan's contract with Dr. Cronin for medical attendance. The court then adjourned till Tues-

It was rumored around the court to-day that Michael Davitt, the Irish leader, may figure in the Coughlin trial as a witness, either personally or by a deposition taken in London. According to Mrs. Foy, it is have been received from Mr. Davitt was made to serve as Dr. Cronin's death warrant. Friends of Davitt are satisfied of the utter impossibility of his having written such a letter, and he will be asked to make a statement under oath concerning the matter. It was at first proposed that he should come here to testify, but it is said the plan now is to have him appear before a magistrate in London and make affidavit to the effect that he never wrote a letter advising the "removal" of Dr. Cronin or any one else. He will also be asked to make a full explanation concerning any letter he may have written to any one in America which contained the sentence: "Remove at all hazards, but use your own discretion."

Verdict in the Chinese Case. FORTLAND, Ore., Dec. 23.—The jury the Chinese conspiracy case, after being out twenty-two hours, brought in a verdict to-night. The jury finds C. J. Mulkey, ex-special agent of the Treasury Department, William Dunbar and P. J. Bonnon guilty. In the case of James Lotan, excellector of customs, and Seid Back (Chinaman) the jurors disagreed. The remaining seventeen defendants were acquit-

Competency of a Juror Attacked. CHICAGO, Dec. 23 .- The evidence in the Prendergast case was completed to-day. The argument in the case will be begun next Tuesday. The attorneys for the defense threaten to attack the competency of juryman A. Gordon Murray, the wellknown Scotchman, on the alleged grounds that they have discovered he was an intimate friend of Carter Harrison.

Conductor Scott Acquitted. MARSHALL, Mich., Dec. 23 .- A verdict of not guilty was reached in the trial of conductor Scott this afternoon. The verdict was returned in an hour. Scott was charged with responsibility for the Grand Trunk

#### wreck, whereby a number lost their lives. THE FIRST NAPOLEON.

# He Was Short and Fat, with Gray

Eyes and Slightly Aquiline Nose. London Telegraph. Never, perhaps, did a hero live touching whose personal appearance there has been so much divergence on the part of biograthers as has been the case with the First Napoleon. In a monthly magazine there has just been concluded a circumstantial narrative of the conveyance of Napoleon in the line-of-battle-ship Northumberland to St. Heiena. The diarist, who had an opportunity of seeing the exile every day during the voyage, alleges that the face of Napol eon had in it something remarkable, but nothing peculiarly commanding. Other evewitnesses have, on the other hand, declared that the predominant expression in his countenance was one of supreme and irresistable command. To the diarist's statement that in 1815 Napoleon was squarely built and rather corpulent no exception can be taken; but the surprising allegation that he was five feet seven inches and a half in height will be met, we should say, by uncompromising dissent. The great majority of witnesses concur in saying that his stature did not exceed five feet six inches, and there are others who fix it at five feet five. The Northumberland diarist proceeds to say that Napoleon had a full, round fattish face, darkish brown cropped hair, thin on the fore part of the head and "always disheveled." This last statement is entirely inaccurate. In youth Napoleon wore his hair long, and when he first took command of the army of Italy his locks floated over his embroidered coat collar. Probably, too, in those days he had little time to attend

to the cares of his toilet, and his hair may have been, at the height of a distractingly busy campaign, somewhat unkempt; but from the period of his ascending the imperial throne until within a few days of his death he always bestowed the minutest care on his personal appearance. It was his custom to shave himself, and he performed the operation with wonderful ease and accuracy; and there was, in fact, a necessity for being closely shaven, beard grew very rapidly, and one the English military surgeons who were allowed to visit him in his last illness has remarked that the appearance of his countenance after three days' divorce from the razor was "horrible." Still, until he became mortbund, his hair was scrupulously attended to by his valet. It was very soft and silky and could scarcely become disheveled, as it was thin, not on the fore part of the head, but on the crown. Victor Hugo, indeed, says that in 1819 the exile's nead was almost bald. The diarist notes

Again, it is stated that his nose was 'moderately long and inclined to aquiline If we compare this profile with that of his great antagonist and conqueror, Wellington, Napoleon's nose must be acknowledged to have had only the slightest inclination to the aquiline. He had a nearly perfect Greek profile, and in early adolescence his visage was almost a replica of the famous bust of the young Augustus. With the diarist's further remark that the exile's mouth and teeth were small, his complexion sallow, his neck short and his shoulders inclined to be round, while his leg and foot were well formed, experts about? will not quarrel, but exception will cer- | Tommy-They wouldn't let me poke him.

Napoleon's eyebrows as small and his

eyes as very light gray round ones. As a

matter of fact, his eyes were perfectly

tainly be taken to the statement that his hips and thighs were "large." Abdominal- ODD TRAITS OF BRUIN ly he had "run to fat" in 1815, but other-wise the proportions of his structure were perfectly symmetrical, and no man whose hips and thighs are large can be well pro-

# A REMINISCENCE OF HOLMES.

The Autocrat Discoursed of Brain

Waves to His English Friends. Rev. H. R. Hawels, in The Independent. I had invited Dr. Oliver W. Holmes to meet the Bishop of Gloucester (Dr. Ellicott) and Dr. Samuel Smiles, the author of "Self Help." We made a little table carree at my club, the new University, St. James's street. We sat down at 1:30, and I think we were all equally astonished at rising to find that it was 5 o'clock. There had not been a dull five minutes. The Bishop of Gloucester was in his best vein, incisive, witty, profound, genial, as good at listen-ing as at talking. Holmes was himself an adroit listener: no one choked any one or cut in unfairly, or sought to shine at the other's expense; there was no need. Dr. Smiles seemed to bring that harmonious psychic element which welded our minds together in fruitful and unflagging communion of discourse. I remember the Bishop of Gloucester was describing a very different assemblage in his own witty and satirical manner. He had been at ar "at home" held by a certain would-be fashionable lady, who prided herself upon getting men of light and leading together, and affecting a salon. "She was," said the Bishop, "one of those women on the verge of intelli-

"A-ha," broke in Oliver Wendell Holmes, "capital, my lord. On the verge of in-telligence.' I thank you for that phrase." Few speakers would object to such an interruption as that from the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table

The talk wandered freely over all sorts of fields—literary, scientific and social—until it got tangled inevitably in "occulton all of which questions the Bishop keeps a singularly fair and open mind. Talking of brain waves, Oilver Wendell Holmes went off in his best style. "I think we are all unconsciously conscious of each other's brain waves at times; the fact is, words and even signs are a very poor sort of language compared with the direct telegraphy between souls. The mistake we make is to suppose that the soul is circumscribed and imprisoned by the body. Now the truth is, I believe, I extend a good way outside my body; well, I should say at least three or four feet all round, and so do you, and it is our extensions that meet. Before words pass or we shake hands our souls have exchanged impressions, and they never lie; not but what looks count for something. Oh," he said 'that fatal, telltale, wandering eye of my hostess as she smiles on me and appears so interested in what I am saying; but that eye tells me she is listening to a and hasn't heard a word of what I have been saying."

### Woman's Economy.

Baltimore Sun. From a cursory glance at the comparative qualities of economy as possessed by the two sexes may be deduced the fact that a man will pay 50 cents for a ten-cent thing he wants and a woman will pay 10 cents for a fifty-cent article she has no use for, and all because it is cheap. A man will get a fifty-cent luncheon down town and come home hale, and hearty and fresh and find his wife, who has lunched on toast and tea, because it was cheap, all worn out and in a heap. It is this misconception of economy that militates against the progress of woman as much as it is any other two things. It helps to make her the weaker sex, because it circumscribes her vision and it depletes her quantity of self-respect. Progress has tried to help woman out. Hasn't it presented her with sewing machines? And then, when she turned in and worked harder at the sewing machine than she ever did by hand, didn't progress put ready-made underwear down to blood-money rates? Progress has gone ahead perdistently inventing first one thing and then another, but women have substituted others in the place of them, and all for the sake of a misconceived idea of economy. This is not intended to be a reflection on the woman who lets down the children's dresses and makes small trousers out of large ones, and in countless ways known only to the mother of the family goes on season after season making both ends meet, scarcely knowing how herself. The home said, a letter represented by Coughlin to is built on the industry and the skill of this home maker.

### Ibsen and America.

New York Tribune. It would be interesting to know just what Prof. H. H. Boyesen means when he talks of "the great wave of Ibsenism that swept over America three or four years ago." The Professor's idea of "a great wave" will be surprising to most reading Americans, who would be apt to compare the very mild Ibsen craze which afflicted some parts of this land to a flow of not particularly fragrant dishwater in a weary backyard. But Professor Loyesen is an enthusiast. Concerning Master Ibsen, he said the other lay to a correspondent of the Literary World of Boston, that "he is just as cold and severe as he looks." "He would snap out a sentence and then stop, and an awkward silence would follow. When I mentioned the word America, Ibsen 'fired up; 'America,' he exclaimed, 'that noisy frogpond where every contemptible little frog

#### ment!' " Death of a Chimpanzee.

pops his head out of his little pond, and

croaks away at his contemptible senti-

One of the two chimpanzees brought to England by Professor Garner from Africa has died of pneumonia. It was a female and was named Elishaba. The male is named Aaron. In speaking of the death of the chimpanzee the Westminster Gazette says: The scene at the deathbed of Elishaba was care of a very distressing kind. She really died in the arms of poor Aaron, who had been most assiduous in his attentions to his consort during the whole of her illness. Professor Garner was present during the last moments of the chimpanzee, and when he put his hand to her heart to see if it had ceased to beat, Aaron put his hand there, too, looking up in the Professor's eyes as if inquiring if that was all they could do for her. Aaron would not permi his dead companion to be taken from him, and clung to her body with such tenacity that the Professor was compelled to lay it down on its bed of straw, when the distressed survivor released his hold.

### Not Thinking About That. Washington Star.

"Well," he remarked, "the 1st of December is close at hand. It's wonderful how time rolls around, isn't it?" "Oh, Herbert," she exclaimed, "I was afraid you were going to forget all about "Forget about it! I haven't thought of anything else for a week "To think," she sighed, "that we will have been married three years then. I'm so glad you are not like other men. Most of them forget all about anniversaries." 'Anniversary! Oh, yes; that's so!

"Why, what were you thinking of?" she exclaimed-and much of the tenderness had fled from her voice. "Why-er-you see, my dear, I have a note that's due on the 1st of December.' And there are strong probabilities that it will be 1894 before he quits wishing that he

#### were a little less frank. A Sure Cure.

Detroit Free Press. The merchant was rather blue, and his wife, noticing it, asked what the matter "Matter enough," he sighed. "I've been looking over my books, and I find I've lost money every month for the last year."

"How did you lose it?" she inquired. "Oh. I don't know," he said wearlly, shaking his head. "Nor where? Then she thought a minute and remem-

bered what she did when she lost her pocketbook, and her face brightened. "Why don't you advertise for it?" asked, innocently. "By George," he exclaimed, "I never thought of that," and the next day he had a big display ad, in the paper, and the next and the next, and in three months' time he was in clover up to his chin.

# How to Be an Author.

Lippincott's Magazine. "Advise me as to preparation for literary work." Well, if you must have it in brief, get the best education you can, and keep on getting it. Study the best writers, with constant reference to their matter and their manner. Go into society, observe men and women, fill up your mind with facts, and exercise it by reflection on many topics, big and little. Write, for practice merely, say for five years; and then for another five be contented to see your efforts go into the fire or the country paper. After this period of probation you will perhaps find out whether you have any or writing or not; not everybody has. The inclination does not necessarily imply a corresponding talent. And of those who make a business of writing, forty-nine out of fifty would do as well or better at something else, and literature would not suffer by their loss.

Aunt (to Tommy, who has been to the menagerie)-Well, Tommy, did you see the Tommy (whimpering)-Yes; b-b-but-Aunty-But what-what are you crying

### Goes Into Winter Quarters Corpulent and Comes Out Fat.

### Does Not Begin to Lose Flesh Until He Begins to Eat-Tragic Career of Smiley's One-Eared B'ar.

New York Herald. A majority of people who have found time to give some thought to the great American black bear have got the idea into their heads somehow-and naturally, perhaps-that when he comes out of his hole in the spring, after his long winter sleep, he is lean and scraggy and of a generally used-up appearance. Such people will doubtless be surprised to learn, on the best of backwoods authority, that just the contrary is the fact.

The bear, when he seeks his winter quarters, is about the fattest thing on four legs. He doesn't swell up with fat like a pig, but seems to go fat all over. When he starts in to accumulate this fat the bear can eat a bushel of chestnuts at a meal without giving any sign that he could not eat another bushel if any one insisted. As he gets fat his stomach gets smaller and smaller, until, when he is in proper condition for wintering over, its capacity is insufficient for a handful of food. Every part of the bear has made room for fat, and this fat sticks right to Bruin all winter and keeps him warm.

If you are after a bear for his grease you want to kill him either just before he goes into his hole in the fall or immediately after he comes out of it in the spring. In ten days after the bear wakes up and crawls out after his winter's nap he will be almost as lean as a razor-back hog, although he has been eating everything eatable he could get his paws on since he woke up-and that is a good deal.

He keeps lean until he begins to get ready for winter again, and then rolls up his fat as before. It seems odd that a bear should keep fat for months without eating anything and lose his flesh as soon as he begins to take in victuals, but that is the way the bear is made, and I don't see how we're going to help it.

For the habit of the bear biting particular trees while he is traveling, even backwoods authority has no satisfactory theory. The trees may be two rods, or they may be half a mile or more away from his line of travel, but no bear passing that way ever fails to sheer off to them and bite a piece out of them, unless he may be too closely pressed by dogs-and the dogs have got to be very close if the bear cannot take time to indulge in his bite from these trees. Any experienced north Pennsylvania woodsman can take you to trees of this kind that are almost bitten in two by bears that have stopped and chewed them in accordance with this peculiar ursine custom. The bear has some reason or purpose in picking out trees to be visited and bitten whenever he passes that way, but what it may be no one has as yet had the courage

to say that he knows. When the black bear is serious he is very serious. No living thing has stronger affection for its young than a mother bear has, and no animal will defend them so desperately against harm. But she is a strict disciplinarian, and does not hesitate a second in resorting to the most extreme of heroic measures in dealing with her young when it seems to her that the circumstances

require it. The most striking illustration of this trait of bear character that I ever knew was given once on the Sinnemahoning creek, in Potter county, Pennsylvania. Larry Lyman, the famous woodsman, and two other men were standing on the bank of the creek when a big she bear, accompanied by two small cubs, came down off the hills on the same side of the stream, a short distance below where the men were stand-

### CRUELTY OF THE SHE BEAR.

The old bear stopped for a moment and gazed at the men. Then she plunged into the creek. The cubs followed her, and swam boldly towards the opposite side with her. One of the cubs was evidently stronger than the other, and swam well up with its mother, keeping almost head to head with her. The other cub fell a little behind, but swam bravely on.

The old bear climbed out of the water when she reached the shore and clambered up the bank, which was quite high, and obstructed somewhat by the projecting roots of trees. The stronger of the cubs followed her without difficulty and trotted along in pace with its mother's sweeping strides. But the other little bear could not clear the obstructions on the bank, and, finding that its mother and brother or sister, whichever it might have been, were going right on without noticing its absence, it began to cry piteously. The old bear and the strong cub had

gone a couple of rods from the creek. When the mother heard the cries of the faltering cub she stopped and looked around. Not seeing the cub she flew into a fearful rage. She snapped her teeth together, and, growling savagely, hurried back to the bank of the creek, keeping an eye on the three men who were watching this interesting proceeding.

When she came to the edge of the bank where the cub was struggling and whining she reached down with one paw, grabbed the cub, jerked it up to her and with one blow killed it. She then tore it to pieces and threw the fragments of the little carcass into the creek. Showing her teeth and snapping them savagely at the men, who were amazed spectators of the old bear's maternal fury, she turned and strode rapidly back to where the other cub was awaiting her, and the two disappeared

into the woods. The presence of the men on the bank of the creek had caused the old bear to fear pursuit. She was endeavoring to place herself and her offspring beyond danger. The weakling cub was delaying her flight. So its mother not only removed it as a menace to the safety of herself and the other cub, but put it beyond the possibility of its falling into the hands of the foe by promptly tearing all tender maternal feelings from her breast and the cub to pieces at the same time.

When Jonah Smiley was in the employ of the Wilbeck tannery, in the great Hemlock belt, he found a three-week's-old bear cub in a hollow stump one day. He took it home. The cub thrived in captivity and grew to be a great pet. Up to the time it was a year old its disposition was so sunny that the children played with it as they would with an old house dog, and it had never shown the least inclination to be ugly. The bear had the run of the whole Smiley clearing, and seemed to be utterly ignorant of the fact that his natural home was among the adjacent rocks, and ridges

and swamps. One day a drunken teamster was teasing the bear and the latter struck him playfully with one paw on his hand, scratching it a little. That angered the teamster, and, drawing his knife, he slashed one of the bear's ears off close to the head. The complete and genuine backwoods trouncing that Jonah Smiley without delay gave to the teamster was little recompense to Jonah for the bear's mutilation, especially as from the moment the ear was severed the animal's disposition was entirely changed. He became so ugly that no one dared approach him and a few days later he disappeared.

As if to wreak vengeance for the indignity that had been put upon him, that some time gentle bear became the scourge of the neighborhood. He systematically raided pig pens, sheep folds, fields, orchards and gardens. Time and time again the bear was seen while on marauding bent, his identity being unmistakable because of his single ear. Children who had played with him when he was a good bear now and then met or saw him as they were going to or coming from school and he followed them with no playful look in his eyes.

The bear became the terror of the region. He was called Old One Ear the country round. He defied all the traps and snares that were set for his destruction. He outwitted the best hunters. A price was placed on his head. Other bears were trapped and slain, but Old One Ear still lived and marauded. His standing in the district was as that of a four-footed brigand, living in some inaccesible mountain fastness and issuing forth at his pleasure to rob and

AFTER "OLD ONE EAR." Simon Bolivar Green and Calvin Bodine were among the famous bear hunters of that region who had been many times outgeneraled by Old One Ear, so when the news came one day that the dreaded scourge of the clearing had been seen lurking about the edges of Big Laurel swamp Simon Bolivar, as he was called, and his friend Bodine resolved to make one more effort to conquer the shaggy terror.

"He's gittin' old now," said Bodine.
"Mebbe we kin be ekal to him." noted bear dogs and off to the swamp they | tended and on foot

all went. The dogs had hunted in the great tangle of laurels but a short time when they began to give tongue in excited chorus. The laurels swayed and bent and snapped like trees in a hurricane. There was great disturbance in the swamp, and the center of it advanced rapidly toward one edge of the thicket. The cause of the unwonted agitation promised to soon reveal itself in the open not more than twenty feet from where Cal Bodine was posted,

with his rifle cocked, ready to welcome it.

"That's Ol' One Ear, sure!" he said. "No other b'ar that ever lived could thrash them laurels down like that!" Suddenly the barking of the dogs changed to sharp, quick barking. For a moment the crashing in the laurels ceased. Then it was renewed with increased violence, mingled with the yelps and howls of the dogs and furious cries and snarling of the bear. I was plain that the dogs had overtaken the bear, as he was thrashing his way out of the swamp, and attacking him in the rear. He had turned to defend himself.

Then the battle was on. Dogs and bear were struggling in the laurels, not more than a hundred feet from the border of the patch, but the tangled bushes were so thick that the contending foes were hidden from view, and the excited hunters in the open could only follow the progress of the fight by the violent swaying of the laurels as the battle waged to the right and left among them Then Simon Bolivar, unable to endure the

suspense, crawled into the thicket and begrowth toward the scene of the tumuituous conflict, shouting words of encouragement and command to his gallant dogs. His comrade ran to and fro along the edge of the swamp, rising on his toes and craning his neck in vain efforts to get a sight of at least enough of the bear to lodge a ball into, while he added loud and excited cries of his own to the general tumult. At intervals a peculiar yelp from a dog, sharp and full of agony, sounded above the angry monotony of combined snarls and snapping of bear and dogs. Each yelp of this kind was followed by an ominous decrease in the volume of canine battle cries. There was a significance in this that Bodine well under-

"Unless that fight is broke up tol'able soon," he exclaimed, "Simon Bollvar won't hev no dogs to go back home with!" Bodine was about to plunge into the swamp to give a hand toward ending the fight when the report of a rifle rang out from the swamp and a little cloud of blue smoke floated up above the laurel tops, not more than a dozen yards from the spot where bear and dogs were still in dead! conflict. A howl of pain and a heavy fai Simon Bolivar's bullet had gone home, but its work was not complete. A second or two later bruin was on his feet and one more thrashing his way toward the edge of the swamp, hurrying to escape his new and unexpected foe. Again the rifle cracked in the thicket. Again the bear fell heavily.

and again rose and stormed ahead, followed by another bullet. The next moment bruin's hug form broke from the thicket. Nigger, Simon Bolivar's gamest dog, was alone on the bear's trail. He came out limping and bleeding, but close on bruin's heels. The bear stopped and tried to get up on his hind feet. Blood poured from his mouth in a stream and dyed his black coat rad. He staggered, recovered himself for a second, and then, bullet-riddled and torn by the dogs, fell in a heap on the ground. The dog, covered with wounds the bear had inflicted, sniffed and growled at the bloodstained carcass. Bodine hurried up, and, with just one glance at the dead bear's head, swung his

umph that filled the woods. "Hi! Simon Bolivar!" he shouted. "It's Jone Smiley's b'ar! It's Ol' One Ear, sure's your livin'! Or ain't ye livin', in there? "Yes, I'm a-livin'!" Simon Bolivar yelled back. "I'm a-livin', but three o' my dogs ain't! They're tore and scattered round here like sassage meat! Here's Maje an' Tiger an' Cobbler! Where's Nigger? Is

fur cap and gave tongue to yells of tri-

Nigger out there?" "Part of him is," replied Bodine. When Simon Bolivar had fought his way out of the laurels, tattered and bleeding, his only remaining dog limped forward to meet him, and the old hunter wept at the sight of him. Then he looked at the bear and said: "Is it sure Smiley's b'ar, Calvin?"

"Look at his one ear!" exclaimed Bodine. "Ain't no other b'ar carryin' only one ear around in these woods, is there? "Hope not!" said Simon Bolivar. "Them dogs o' mine has got away with many a b'ar that had two ears, an' now to think that three on 'em should hef to lay down in the swamp muck an' give up the ghost fer a sheep stealin' b'ar with only one!" And Simon Bolivar kicked the carcass savagely.

"But ye must remember, Simon, that this is Smiley's b'ar, an' that he had a terrible grudge!" argued Bodine. "If some drunken mule driver should slip in an' suce one o' your ears off, would you stop at knockin' over two or three dogs to kinder ease the grudge?" "Dunno ez I would," said Simon Bolivar. When the news that vindictive Old One Ear had fallen spread in the settlement the ejoicing was great, and Simon Bolivar and

# Cal Bodine were covered with glory.

An Aggravating Balance. First Lady Manager of Charity Ball-Why, here's \$25 after paying all expenses. Second Lady Manager of Charlty Ball (impatiently)-Didn't I tell you we might put another ice on the menu as well as not?

Out of Style. Washington Star. "I really think Mr. Blount displayed very bad taste," she exclaimed.

#### "By having his report made on the blas. Association of Elecutionists.

A call has been issued for the initial

"How?" asked the other girl.

meeting of the Indiana Association of Elocutionists and Orators to be held at Room 12, Statehouse, Tuesday, Dec. 26. The programme for the two days' session has been carefully prepared, and is as follows: Tuesday-At 10 o'clock a. m., prayer by Rev. T. J. Coultas; welcome address by Rev. G. A. Carstensen, of Indianapolis; 1:30 p. m., paper by Mr. E. P. Trueblood, of Earlham College, Richmond; "Comparative Value of Ancient and Modern discussion by Mr. W. B. Roberts, of Indianapolis, Mr. B. C. Sherrick, of Westfield Academy; 2:30, paper by Miss Bessie B. Jennie, of Indianapolis, cal Culture," discussion by Miss C. Dorsey, of Central Academy, Danville; :30, paper by Miss Ola Dell Cameron, of Knightstown, "The Needs of Elocution and Delsarte in the Public Schools." discussion by Mr. A. R. Priest, of DePauw Uni-

Wednesday-1:30 p. m., paper by Mr. T. J. McAvoy, of Indianapolis, "To Understand an Author We Must Unify His Thought," discussion by Mr. Lewis H. lones, superintendent Indianapolis schools; 2:30 p. m., paper by Miss Caroline Moody Geerish, of Purdue University, "The Practical Value of Elocution," discusion by Mr. George F. Bass, editor Indiana Young People and public lecturer; 3:30 p. m., paper by Hon. John L. Griffiths, of Indianapolis. 'How Much has Personality to Do with Oratory?" discusion by Rev. J. H. O. Smith, of Valparaiso. The public is invited to attend the sessions of the associa-

# Stoned a Car.

A young man giving the name of Elmer Boyd boarded a car on the stock-yards line last night and refused to produce his fare. When the car reached the corner of Illinois and Washington streets the conductor ejected the stubborn passenger with some little violence and rang the bell for the motorman to resume the trip. As the car started Boyd walked into the street, picked up a bowlder and threw it through the window of the moving vehicle. The rock was directed toward the conductor, but the official dodged, and the missile struck the arm of a passenger. The latter was uninjured. Patrolman Carter and Sergeant Laporte happened to be aboard the car and promptly arrested Boyd.

# A Brahmin to Preach

Narasimha Charya, the Brahmin priest, of Madras, India, who is sojourning in this city for a few weeks, will occupy the pulpit of Plymouth Church this evening. He will take for his subject "The Brahminical Idea of the Soul." He will treat of the Indian philosophers' idea of the soul and its relation to God. This young Brahmin prelate is an entertaining speaker, and the lecture will be interesting. No admission will be charged.

# The Patti Concert.

Mme. Adelina Patti will appear in grand opera and a grand concert at Tomlinson Hall, Tuesday evening, Jan. 2. The charm of her voice is said to be as potent as ever. The diva will sing "Una Voce," from "Il Barblere," in the miscellaneous concert programme, and in the second act from Martha" she will sing "The Last Rose of Summer" and the ever charming "Home, Sweet Home."

#### Runnways Found. Superintendent Powell last night received information from Acton to the effect that

Johnny, Frank and Jesse Thomas, the children who ran away from the Board of by a man named Myers. The waifs made

# CONSTABLE IN COURT

### Arrested Upon a Queer Charge of Assault and Battery.

Branch No. 1 to Share in the Iron Hall Dividend-Rev. Smith's Judgment

-Court Miscellany.

Deputy Constable Tolin was yesterday tried and acquitted in the Police Court. He was charged with assault and battery upon a woman named Huey, residing at No. 272 West Maryland street. Last Saturday morning Tolin was given a writ of replevin for property in the possession of Mrs. Huey. When he went to the house to levy upon the property he was assaulted by Mrs. Huey, who was aided in her attack by three young women and a boy. The officer was very roughly handled, but succeeded in getting possession of a porgan fighting his way through the dense | tion of the property he went after. He afterwards caused the arrest of his assailants, and two of them were fined by Justice Daniels, and cases are now pending in that court against the other two. Mrs. Huey caused the arrest of the officer, but Judge Stubbs released him upon the evidence of the prosecuting witness, saying that it was evident that the officer was but performing his duty.

### Branch No. 1 Will Share.

Judge Winters yesterday issued an order apon Receiver Failey to allow the members of local branch No. 1 to share in the ten-percent. dividend recently declared. The receiver was also ordered to credit the branch with an overpayment of \$400 made to the Supreme Sitting under misapprehension. For several months the local branch paid into the Supreme Sitting fees for ten members whose certificates had matured or whose heirs had received their money on death claims. The members' names being still carried upon the branch rosters, the fees had to be paid. For several months C. S. Downey, treasurer of the branch, paid this money out of his own pocket rather than have it appear that he ha misused the funds. He finally tired of this, and for a time rested under the imputation of being a defaulter, till it was shown that the money had never been received by him. Branch No. 1 held \$200 of stock in the Philadelphia bank, which was paid out of the general fund, and this amount the branch will lose.

School Property Controversy. Judge Bartholomew yesterday decided that the Board of School Commissioners was entitled to the possession of certain school property which has been in dispute for two years. In 1890 the Council passed an ordinance annexing certain territory to the city and with it annexed the township school property. The School Board immediately made demand upon Trustee Gold for the surrender of the property, but he refused to turn it over. The board brought suit to compel him to turn the property over to it and yesterday Judge Bartholomew decided that the School Board was entitled to the property, but must pay the trustee for the improvements upon it. The improvements are valued at \$4.821.48.

the ruling and appealed to the general term, It believes it is entitled to the property without the payment of anything for the improvemnets. Rev. Smith's Judgment. Rev. J. L. Smith yesterday recovered judgment against DePauw University for \$1,835 on a peculiar claim. The claim was

The School Board was not satisfied with

based upon a contract with the trustees of the university wherein they agreed to pay Mr. Smith 9 per cent. of any bequest which he might induce August Swisher to leave to the university. Swisher and Smith were personal friends, and the latter did induce his friend to leave to the university, by his will, the sum of \$26,000. The trustees refused to pay the 9 per cent. commission which they agreed to pay Mr. Smith because Mr. Swisher made a will subsequent to the one drawn up at the advice of Mr. Smith. The second will, however, contained the bequest to the university, and the court held that the trustees were liable

for the commission. Mr. Born Resumes. An agreement of settlement has been reached between Valentine Born and his creditors, and yesterday the assignment was annulled. The Union Trust Company. assignee, has turned the property back to Mr. Born, and he will resume business at

### the old stand, corner of Washington and Delaware streets.

Suit for Damages. William P. Martin yesterday filed suit against the Big Four company, asking damages in the sum of \$500 for personal injuries. Martin, while employed by the company as brakeman, was thrown from a car by the snapping of a brake rod and re-

### ceived the injuries for which he sues. Forty Chattel Mortgages.

Nowhere is more positive evidence given of the closeness of money and the lack of it among the working people than in the recorder's office. Yesterday there were forty chattel mortgages upon household goods filed in the office.

# Father and Son.

Last Friday afternoon Pomp White, colored, was arraigned in Justice Habich's court for wife desertion. Yesterday his son. William White, was arraigned on & criminal charge in the same court.

# SUPPOSED COUNTERFEITER.

John Ebenhauck, a Painter, Arrested for Passing a Bad Dollar.

Detectives Thornton and McGuff, yesterday, arrested John Ebenhauck, employed as a sign painter on Kentucky avenue. Ebenhauck was charged with passing counterfelt money and, with Kate Burns, altas Mrs. Clarence Johnson, under arrest on the same charge, was taken before United States Commissioner Van Buren. Ebenhauck was charged with having passed a counterfeit dollar on a meat dealer of whom he made a purchase on Friday morning. The Commissioner remanded the prisoners to jaff until Dec. 26, when they will be called upfor preliminary examination. The detectives expect to make a number of other arrests in the case.

# CITY NEWS NOTES.

The oil painting on exhibition in Deschler's cigar store, corner of Pennsylvania and Market streets, representing General Logan riding down the line at the battle of Dallas, May 28, 1864, is calculated to attract attention, particularly that of veterans, The controller has completed the sweeping and sprinkling rolls that should have been completed by the Sullivan administration, but which were neglected owing to the demands of the campaign.

# Quarreled Over Dice.

John Fick and Frank Kline, living thres miles east of the city, came in early yesterday morning and stopped at the saloon of Andy Smith, on Prospect street, to "shake the box." Fick, who is nearly sixty years old, proved an adept with the dice and angered Kline by a few lucky throws in succession. A quarrel ensued and Fick, securing possession of a poker, dealt Kline a murderous blow. It was thought that the latter was badly injured, but later it was found that his injuries were not serious. Patrolman Milan arrested both men.

# Charged with Petit Larceny.

Louis Beaupre and Val Sours, both lads of tender age, were arrested last night by Police Captain Campbell and detective Case on the charge of petit larceny. The youths were found in the New York store acting suspiciously and were arrested while examining articles at the jewelry counter, Both were searched and a gold locket and chain found on the person of the Beaupre boy. He alleged that his companion had stolen the article and had placed it in

#### his pocket. Both were locked up. Small Boy Missing.

Edgar Webb, the thirteen-year-old son of Ira Webb, of No. 418 North Illinois street. is missing from home. He left Friday Children's Guardians, are being cared for evening shortly after his return from school. The boy's father thinks that he So Simon Bolivar summoned his four | their way to Acton on Friday night, unat- has left the city with a boy named Patar